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Band of Hope Jubilee.

(The 'Irish Temperance League Journal.')

The jubilee of the Band of Hope movement will be celebrated during the second week of November, in the year 1897. It ought to be a matter of no little pride to temperance workers in Ireland that an enterprise so beneficent in its results and so far-reaching in its aims as to include at present a membership of almost three million boys and girls, should have its origin so intimately associated with the name of a woman held in honor among ourselves.

Mrs. Ann Jane Carlile, nee Hammil, who was born in the County of Monaghan, in the year 1775, was the wife of the Presbyterian minister of Ballieboro. She found it necessary to supplement the meagre professional

MRS. ANN JANE CARLILE.

income of the home by carrying on a drapery business, in which way she clothed the naked at honest prices, as her husband fed the spiritually hungry, almost without money and without price.

When she was left a widow she found herself able to retire to Dublin on her modest savings, and to give herself to such philanthropic work as lay to her hand.

As she paid one of her visits to Newgate prison, in the city where she had made her home, she found that forty women, one after the other, attributed their incarceration to whisky-drinking. On her pleading with them to give up the costly habit, she was met with the answer that she was not in a position to tender cheap advice, as the only difference between advisers and advised consisted in the not very great difference between whisky and wine! As was the universal custom of the day, she had been in the habit of using wine for the sake of her health. She was, however, prepared to make a sacrifice and run a personal risk for the sake of others, and she was quite surprised at the discovery—which, of course, is no surprise to us—that she ran no risk, made no sacrifice, and that she was physically as well as morally fitter for work in her abstaining days than ever she had been in her abstemious ones.

She founded societies in Dublin and elsewhere, lived down the opposition raised against her on account of what was then a new departure—a woman engaging in public work and addressing public meetings.

In 1847 Mrs. Carlile visited England at the earnest solicitation of many earnest workers across the Channel. As the result of her mission, no less than seventy thousand persons signed the pledge. In August she went to Leeds, where her words and influence deeply impressed and encouraged the Rev. Jabez Tunnicliff, and led him to the formation of 'the first Band of Hope.'

Mrs. Carlile's arrival in Leeds synchronised with a pathetic event in Mr. Tunnicliff's history. A young man, George Jaley, whose life had been poisoned and blighted through intemperance, sent for the minister on the day before his death, and explained to him how he had once been a Sunday-school scholar and then a teacher. One Sunday afternoon, when the school was over, he took a walk much against his inclination, with some of his fellow-teachers, went into a way-side house and took a glass of ale. 'It was the first glass that did it,' he said. He bitterly lamented his lost life, and implored the man of God to 'warn young men against the first glass.' Thus the train was laid and ready for the spark to be applied by the deft hand of an Irish lady.

Mrs. Carlile fell asleep on the 14th day of March, 1864, at the house of her daughter, Leinster road, Dublin, and all that was mortal of her was laid at rest in Mount Jerome Cemetery a few days after. Her works follow her. Her children rise up and call her blessed, and hail her as the mother of the Band of Hope family, which now numbers its members by millions.

Mr. Frederic T. Smith, chairman of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Committee, proposes that by way of celebrating the jubilee, an effort be made to enlist under the juvenile temperance flag one million more boys and girls. This should not be beyond accomplishment, seeing that ten hundred thousand children reach their thirteenth birthday every year.

For the extension of the work, a National Jubilee Fund is to be raised, amounting to £25,000, towards the collecting of which each Band of Hope member is expected to contribute one penny.

Efforts are not to be so centralized as to restrict the outgoing of energy to national memorials. Every local organization is to do something to widen the sphere of its own operations, and to attract public attention to the vast importance of its work.

At the time of the French Revolution, when men's hearts failed them for fear, the schoolboys of Bourges, from twelve to seventeen years of age, formed themselves into a Band of Hope. They wore uniform and practised drill. One holiday they marched through the streets of the city under a banner, which discovered the sublimely audacious motto—'Tremble, tyrants; we shall grow up.'

The members of the Band of Hope are to-day marching with confidence and courage, and the banner which they display bears upon its silken folds the device—'Let the enemy tremble; we are growing up for Truth and Temperance.'

It will interest all temperance workers to know that Mr. Frederic T. Smith, whose picture we are able to present to our readers, and whom many of us hope to see at the annual meeting, was born in 1841. Appointed to the position of teacher in a school at an early age, in the course of five years he enlisted as many as six hundred boys in the temperance army. In 1859 he was persuaded to undertake official work in connection with the London Band of Hope Union, at whose cradle he sat and rocked it into strength. As organizer, secretary, lecturer, editor of the 'Chronicle,' and conductor of choirs at great musical festivals at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Smith has rendered services which cannot be easily over-estimated.

He has lived in such a way as to commend the cause to the members of his family, all of whom, with the exception of the youngest, are already in active service.

In 1879 Mr. Smith opened a Temperance Hotel in London, which at first consisted of one large house, and which now includes eight houses affording accommodation for one hundred and fifty guests. It is now

MR. FREDERIC T. SMITH.

the largest guest-house of its kind in the metropolis. Long may he continue to preside over its destinies, and to lay the whole temperance movement under great and lasting obligations.

Farming Out the Children.

Rev. N. D. Hillis, D.D.

To-day much is being said about the decline of leadership. Pastors and churches look in vain for successors to the sturdy men who have planned the moral movements of the past generation. A prominent journal has recently discussed the decay of the eldership and the diaconate. The brightest and best students are not entering the ministry, is the word from the colleges. We have difficulty in finding strong material for the eldership, is the word from the churches. The theme suggests a burning question, and the time seems to have fully come for a discussion of at least one aspect of the question.

Now, the decline of leadership is a fact traceable largely to the decay of religious instruction in the home. For more than a generation, parents have farmed out their children for moral training. The time was when the nation's youth were trained primarily in the home, and only incidentally in the Sunday-school. But the time has come when the moral instruction of the children is confined to a brief half hour upon one day in seven. The moral strength and sturdiness of the men who once officered our churches was not gained by chance, did not come unasked, did not stay unurged.

Rising up early, the parents trained the child to commit to memory, not simply a Golden Text, but whole chapters of the Bible; not to read a lesson leaf, but a book bearing on the theme. The college professors and presidents, the statesmen and preachers, the men who have moulded society during the past generation, received in their Puritan homes, patient, thorough, and long continued Bible instruction. Daniel Webster tells us that his standard of oratorical excellence was derived from such passages as the eight Psalm, and the fortieth chapter of Isaiah. Carlyle tells us that he owed something to the thorough mastery of about a hundred chapters in the Bible. Ruskin insists that whatever skill in thought or diction he possessed is traceable to the fact that his mother made him commit to memory whole chapters of the New Testament, and many chapters of Moses, David and Isaiah. But in the stress and haste of modern life the religious instruction of children has sadly suffered. In the morning, business men have no time for the moral training of their children. In the evening they have no strength. On Sunday they excuse themselves on the ground that they leave ethics and religion to the Sunday-school. But the Sunday-school hour is almost entirely given up to singing and general exercises. In the end, therefore, the child gets almost no moral instruction. Parents who would scorn the idea of farming the child out to a wet nurse physically, have no hesitancy in farming out the child morally. Multitudes of children are spiritual orphans. For sustenance they are dependent upon the kindness of persons who are willing for 'sweet charity's sake,' to teach neglected children an hour each Sunday. Men who would not think for a moment of allowing a neighbor to shape their boy's idea of commerce, have no hesitancy in giving the training of conscience and the moral sentiments to any stranger into whose class the child may chance to be placed. Naturally, the decline of moral instruction is followed by a decline in moral leadership. Even Huxley, in his plea for a study of the Bible, finds the explanation of the lessening number of great men, in the lessened interest in these great religious themes that feed greatness and heroism in the human heart.—'Pres. Witness.'

Jack's Experiment.

'Oh, dear! I wish I could fly,' said Jack, coming in from school. 'The sun is so hot coming up that hill, and it's dreadfully tiresome to walk.'

'It is a great deal more tiresome not to be able to walk,' answered grandma, looking down on her rheumatic feet as they rested on a cushion.

'And since you are not a bird, but a boy, you'd better try to be as good a boy as possible, and stop wanting so many things that you cannot have,' remarked his mother. 'Now run out and bring me an armful of wood, Jackie, for the kitchen fire is nearly out.'

'That is always the way when I wish for anything,' muttered Jack for the edification of the wood pile. 'I musn't wish for riches or wings or anything else, but just plod along and be contented. I don't see how a fellow can be contented when he doesn't have anything to make him so.'

Over the fence fluttered a square of paper, and the breeze bore it to Jack's feet, while the man who was scattering handbills passed up the street. Jack's quick eye caught the flaunting letters, and he picked up the notice.

'Oh, mother, there's going to be a balloon ascension at the fair this week, in the vacant lot next the fair ground. May I go? It's on Saturday,' he said, as he carried in the wood.

'Yes, I suppose so. I'm glad they have chosen Saturday, for the sake of all the children in the neighborhood,' answered his mother, busy over the fire.

'Going up in a balloon would be pretty near like flying. Maybe you can get a chance, Jackie,' suggested his little sister, mischievously.

'Wouldn't I like to try it!' exclaimed Jack. 'Can I, if I have a chance, mother?'

'There wouldn't be much danger in consenting to that, I fancy,' laughed his mother. 'You will not be likely to have a chance until you have grown considerably older and wiser than you are now.'

The fair had little attraction for Jack that Saturday afternoon in comparison with the field adjoining. All his interest centred there, and he was on the ground so early and lingered so persistently, that when the crowd of spectators gathered at the appointed hour he was in the inner circle and one of the nearest to the silken air bubble. Every item of preparation had a charm for him, however impatient others grew. When at last all was ready the manager of the air chariot asked if any one wished to accompany him on his excursion. A man stepped forward, and then Jack pressed up eagerly, 'I'd like to go. Please let me.'

If Jack's sister or any of his companions had been near, there would doubtless have been remonstrances enough to quickly spoil the plan, but they had lingered longer over the attractions of the booths and stalls, and had reached the field only in time to view the proceedings from the outskirts of the crowd. No one was near who knew him, but a bystander endeavored to dissuade him.

'Oh, see here, boy! I don't believe you'd better go. Your folks wouldn't like it, would they?'

'My mother said she didn't think there was much danger in consenting if I had a chance,' answered Jack, telling the truth as far as words went, but with a guilty conscience that he was not giving his mother's meaning.

The aeronaut was not a scrupulous man. If the boy wanted to go and no one objected the responsibility did not rest upon him, he carelessly argued; and he motioned Jack to take a place in the car, with the injunction to 'keep still and not try any nonsense.'

With the aeronaut and his assistant there were now four in the car, and a minute or two later the signal was given, the line cut, and the balloon sailed into the air. The crowd shouted, tossed caps and waved handkerchiefs, but the younger passenger heard one shrill scream of 'Oh, Jackie!' as his little sister saw and recognized him. But it was too late for any one to prevent his going then; and as Jack felt the soaring motion and glanced up toward the name 'Eagle' so gayly painted, his heart bounded.

'Isn't this grand? It is almost like sailing on the back of a great eagle,' he said.

'Yes, it is all very fine just now, but you may think it is something else before you are through with it,' answered the aeronaut grimly. He did not seem inclined to bestow much attention upon his passengers, the elder of whom, indeed, appeared to be a foreigner, who either could not or would not speak English. But Jack contented himself with looking down upon the world below, or what he could see of it. It was very strange to see trees and steeples so far beneath him, and presently to find himself sailing away over a great stream of water. But soon he could see nothing distinctly. It had been late before the 'Eagle' was fully ready to ascend, and in a short time mists and twilight began to hide the earth. The aeronaut seemed very watchful and busy. He peered downward as if trying to discover where they were, and pulled the rope of the valve. Jack did not know what he was doing, only that they began to descend. Downward they sped until they came near enough the earth to discover a dark mass that looked as if it might be the top of a forest. Then with a muttered exclamation of impatience, the aeronaut turned to his assistant, who threw out ballast and they rose again. It grew cold and dreary in the darkness, his companions were far from pleasant, and he could no longer see anything, Jack supposed he had experienced nearly all the enjoyment to be derived from the trip. Would it not be splendid to tell the boys about it, though?

'When shall we go down?' he asked.

'If you can tell that, young man, you can do more than I can,' answered one of the men, crossly.

Jack did not understand the alternate pulling at the rope and throwing out of sandbags; he only knew that the balloon now ascended, now descended, pitching and tossing in a strange fashion, while the aeronaut's muttered imprecations grew dreadful to hear. But he gathered from what passed between him and his assistant that something was amiss.

'What is wrong?' he ventured to inquire timidly, at last.

'I've lost control of the wretched thing, and we are more likely to land in another world than we are ever to get back alive to the one we left; that's all, if it's any comfort to you.'

Another world! Jack had never planned for flying there, in his wildest dreaming, and oh, how he shrank from the thought! That was a long, awful night— driven hither and thither, now up, now down, expecting death any moment, and trying confusedly to pray, while his mind wandered longingly to the cozy home he might never see again. Jack never forgot that night. At last, in the gray of the early morning, the 'Eagle' swooped to the earth, and, catching upon a tree, emptied the occupants of the car to the ground. Fortunately they were near a house and were soon found and cared for. All were more or less injured—the aeronaut too severely ever to attempt another voyage; and when Jack found himself at home, bruised and battered, he had no wish to try another flight. In the weary days that elapsed before his broken leg was strong enough to support his weight, he learned that a boy ought to be content with the ability to run about on two feet.—'Morning Star.'

At Set of Sun.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped a soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.
—Am. Paper.

Boys and Girls.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

The Castle of Dipso in the Land of the Stulti.

By John Underhill.

(Continued.)

I will pass over in a hurried manner that period from boyhood to youth or rather budding manhood. My parents' control became gradually less and less every day; my sister's influence dwindled and our mutual confidences weakened; my sylvan path became completely neglected; my school days drew to a close; my companions had grown older and, like myself, more worldly; the highway was known to me from end to end, and every one I met, had a bow or a 'good-day' for 'Jolly Jack'—for such was my nickname amongst all the people of the country side. Old Peter Martin, my school-companion's uncle, the Castle waiter, had allowed me, once or twice, to catch a glimpse of the interior of the large hall and to look at the frescoes on the roof of the rotunda, but it was always when the visitors were away, or when some particular event—a race or a boxing-match—called the habitues of the castle to other scenes of enjoyment. But time, that waits for no one, flew past on regular wing, and I was becoming a man. My companion, my old school friend, Andy Martin, had already learned to smoke—but he was my senior by two years; he had even gone with some sporting men to the Castle, and he related to me with an expression of flushed wonder and overflowing enthusiasm all the scenes he had witnessed and the enjoyments he experienced. My old curiosity now found a worthy associate in my new-born ambition, and a little sprite of envy stirred them both into action—and they both led in the direction of the Castle. Of course, my headquarters were still at home, and there I was to be found every night. I had not as yet tasted of any of those vices which the world calls 'youthful habits,' nor had I commenced that very anti-agricultural work of 'sowing wild oats.' Still my indulgent and watchful parents seemed to dread for my future. They were kindness itself, my sister was the essence of pure devotion to me, and I even began to take a more than brotherly interest in a young lady—her name was Alice—a refined, noble-minded, high-souled, good girl; and she, I think, took more than a sisterly interest in me. The few evenings ever spent away from home were passed in her society and that of her relatives. Everything went smoothly enough on the surface. I was almost out of my apprenticeship, and I was considered by everyone to be a clever boy, a good-natured fellow, a jolly companion, and the makings of a good man. My every little progress was watched with pride and interest by my parents, sister, Alice and all. But there ever flowed that undercurrent which I felt irresistibly whirling me on towards the mysterious arcana of yonder gorgeous palace. My great ambition was to become known to its votaries, to become a hero amongst them, to enjoy even boasted pleasures that Andy constantly paraded before my heated imagination. 'Where there is a will there is a way,' both to good and to evil; and I soon found an entrance to the 'upper ten' (as I called them then), of our little world. The hour was at hand, and I was only too ready to seize upon the opportunity.

II.

'Ah! little they know of true happiness,
  They whom satiety fills;
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury,
  Eat of the rankness that kills!
Ah! little they know of the blessedness
  Toil-purchased slumber enjoys,
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence,
  Taste of the sleep that destroys!'

D. F. McCarthy.

'Where are you off to this afternoon?' asked Andy, one day as I met him on the highway about a mile from our own gate.

'No place in particular,' I replied.

'I thought,' said he, 'that you might be going down to old Dickson's; those blue eyes of little Alice his daughter seem to have a great attraction for you, Jack.'

I slightly blushed and felt somewhat queer—I had not yet got beyond my blushing period and even in Andy's presence I felt a strange half-conscious sensation whenever he referred—even in joke—to Alice Dickson.

'No,' I replied, 'I don't often go there before evening. I am just lounging about to kill time. I feel very tired and lonesome these long summer afternoons, and especially since I began my holidays.'

'When will you be out of your apprenticeship?' asked Andy.

'Next Christmas,' I replied, 'and I am very anxious for the day of my emancipation. I am then going to the city and father will set me up in a business for myself.'

'I'll go with you,' laughingly he said, 'you are so green and know so little of the world that you will have to have a guardian, a kind of wet nurse, you know. Boys do get lost and picked up by strange characters in a city.'

The tone of these remarks rather grated upon my nerves and I felt almost like resenting them; but the sharp reply died upon my lips when Andy—as we sauntered along—continued:

'It would be funny,' said he 'to watch the countenances of the city folks, when you would tell them where you came from and have to admit that you were a stranger to Dipso Castle. Wouldn't old "Bum Donnelly' or flashy 'Ned Gibson' grin from ear when you related the story of your ignorance. I say, Jack,' he said after a pause, 'I'd advise you not even to go into the castle, nor join its crowd—you see your name would be a by-word in every city club, and you'd pass for a curiosity all through the town. The boys would point you out and say, "There goes Jack Lindsey, from Stultiland, he never was in Dipso." By the powers, they could make a song of it. Just let us see; yes, I have it—

'He is all bone and skin, see—
His name is Johnny Lindsey;
He comes from Stultiland—
He hasn't got the sand;
He neither smokes nor chews;
He is always in the blues;
Nothing ever crossed his lips, oh!
He never was in Dipso!
  No! No! No!'

'By hemlock, it would be——'

'For heaven's sake shut up,' I cried, amusing and witty as his banter seemed, I was far from enjoying it.

'Look here, Andy,' I said, 'I'm going to Dipso Castle now.'

He looked at me in well-feigned amusement, then he jumped straight in the air, flung up his hat and began to fling himself about like an Indian at a ghost dance, while at every bound he let a war whoop that might waken the dead. I thought the fellow had gone mad.

'Look you here, Andy,' I shouted, — 'do you often take them? Let us know when they are coming on the next time. I might have heart disease and your fits would prove fatal to me. A shock, you know!' He made no reply; but, picking up his hat, he caught me under the arm, and off we went like two madmen, helter-skelter up the road. We never drew breath, or stopped to talk till we were in the very heart of a crowd of loungers moving slowly up the Castle steps. I think that Andy did not want to let me have time to change my mind. Just at the door I drew back to collect my thoughts, regain my wind, and say: 'But I have no right of access; I am not a member.' 'Come along, old boy; no exclusiveness here,'—he replied. And in we went.

THE HOURS WENT BY LIKE MINUTES.

[The old man paused at this stage of his story, and remarked that his time to go away was approaching and, if I desired that he should conclude his tale, it would be necessary to cut it short. Fearing I might not see him again, and anxious to hear something more about the Castle of Dipso, I begged of him to continue, even if he were only able to give me a short sketch of his eventful career. For a moment he seemed wrapped in deep thought, and a shadow came over his features, like the cloud just then obscuring the moon. Shaking off the momentary lethargy that overcame him, he went on very rapidly with his peculiar story.]

'On my first appearance inside the walls of Dipso my youth, my unsophisticated manners, my apparent ignorance of the ways and customs of the place, attracted some attention to me. But soon I was lost in the vast multitude that seemed to swell around me. I was forgotten by all except my immediate companion. I cannot describe the scene before me; each one seemed hurrying breathlessly after some particular pleasure. The gilded walls, the gorgeous ornaments, the delicious odors, the sweet yet fiery beverages, the intoxicating whirl, all seemed to warp my soul in a delirium of enjoyment. From the great rotunda I was ushered into a spacious drawing-room, where elegant ladies smiled upon the gorgeous surroundings, and familiarly joined most exquisite young men in the mazes of the dance, or the more absorbing excitement of the games. It was all a dream—it lasted for hours, but the hours seemed minutes. It was late when I returned home. What a fevered night I spent! Ill as I felt myself next morning, still my only desire was to arise and to await, in anxious expectation, the hour when I might reasonably return to the scenes of the past day's revels.

My parents passed no remark as they handed me a note from Alice, asking me to spend the next day with her, and expressing wander at my absence the day previous. For a moment I thought how unkind it was of me not to have gone to see her, and I felt

that I was very wrong in leaving her lonely while I was oblivious of all, except my own actual enjoyment. But the memories of 'Dipso' arose, and the thoughts of Alice vanished. Early that day I sought out my companion, and we repaired to the Castle. It was a repetition of the first day's scenes, except that the glow of novelty had disappeared. Not satisfied with the enjoyments of the front rooms, we spent an hour in a third apartment, much more thronged and much larger than all the others. There were numbers of tables, and a stage where actors and musicians performed for a more or less attentive audience. I noticed that the inmates of this vast room were not as well dressed, nor as light-hearted as those in the drawing-rooms; yet they seemed to enjoy themselves; for every now and then loud bursts of laughter would come up from beneath the clouds of tobacco smoke. Here I spent an hour, and then moved on with the

I SAW, CROUCHING, HISSING, CURSING DRINKING HUMAN FORMS.

intention of returning home. But my companion being occupied telling some lengthy story for the edification of a half-dozen of sailor-like fellows, I did not ask him to come with me. I was either dazed, or distracted; however, I made a mistake in the door, and instead of going out by the grand entrance, I opened a door in the very opposite direction. It led into a hall-way which, in its turn, led to another door. I opened the second portal, a heavy, iron-bound, oaken barrier. On looking in I was astounded! There were men and women in rags and filth, huddled together in a most promiscuous way. Each one seemed to possess and to cling to a bottle of some species of liquor; their songs were hoarse and discordant, their eyes were red and wild-looking, their language was degrading in the extreme, their very blasphemies were horrid. I closed the door in haste, retraced my steps, and I scarcely paused, except in the outer rotunda for a slight stimulant—until I reached the open highway. When I looked back and contemplated that vast structure it was with mingled feelings of terror and delight. I asked myself over and over again, how so much misery and such horrid scenes could exist beneath the same roof where I beheld such glorious enjoyments and so much emphmeral happiness. Thus reflecting I pursued my way home.

That night, for the first time, my father spoke to me on the subject, and told me that he had noticed with sorrow my recent and daily increasing visits to the Castle. He warned me that he could not allow such to continue and emphatically told me that if I did not cease frequenting that place he would refuse to give me a start in my business when the time came for me to go to the City. For a short time these remarks of my father troubled me—but it was a very short time. The magnetism of 'Dipso Castle' swept away all such realities.

The following day I pondered long and hesitated between two courses. To spend the day with Alice, or to spend it at the Castle. On the one side a good angel seemed to whisper softly her name in my ear and to speak of her grief and loneliness and her deep love for me; on the other side, an evil spirit fired my imagination with visions of untold enjoyments and pictured scenes of pleasures that I might miss forever. To and fro, like a pendulum, my mind balanced between good and evil; and at last, alas! the tempter succeeded. From that moment the sooner I could forget Alice and home, and all the associations that bind one to such dear ones and such scenes, the better. And oblivion was easily conjured up. No sooner had I again set foot in the Castle than everything except the present, actual, tangible enjoyment, disappeared.

I need not describe the scenes re-enacted that day. Meeting Andy in the public hall I asked him if he had ever visited the interior of the building. 'Why, of course,' he replied; 'but you should see the rooms beyond the one you speak of.'

Curiosity again awakened, I resolved to make another excursion in the gloomy direction of the dark corridor. With Andy by my side, I passed safely through the crouching, hissing, shouting, cursing, drinking forms that were flung pell-mell into the vast and stifling department, and I reached a still more ponderous door at the other side. Our united efforts succeeded in opening the door, but our passage was barred by a heavy iron grating. Inside this cage were maniacs, men and women, they were wild and beast-like in action and voice. Here was one, a fancied freeman, amidst the clang of his chains; there was another, an imaginary monarch, beneath the infliction of his keeper; yonder was a moping idiot, with a crown of straw; incoherent and generally blasphemous were their words; loud and hollow their moans; piercing and grating their cries; fury stared from their eyes—those windows of the soul, from the blackness of whose night they looked out upon what they did not understand, or upon those whom they could not recognize. I shuddered and begged of Andy to take me away. Back we retraced our steps; and in the outer rooms, amidst light and life, and glow, we refreshed ourselves with a powerful stimulant—an antidote to the horror of the scenes just witnessed. While we were sipping our glasses I asked Andy who these people were, and how they came to be tolerated in the abode of pleasure and happiness.

'My poor boy,' he replied, 'you are still very innocent. All these people have a claim on the Castle, and all of them are under its protection. Some years ago the worst of the maniacs were like ourselves; they sat in this rotunda, they danced and played in yonder drawing room, they sank down by degrees till they became habitues of the great public room, and finally—well, you see their fate!'

I smiled; we had another refreshment and we separated. What were my thoughts as I slowly sauntered homeward? I thought how coolly my most intimate friend could speak of the sad fate of those victims of the Dipso infatuation, how little he reflected that such must necessarily be our inevitable end, how totally he forgot that he was the cause of my first appearance at the Castle—and my subsequently continued visits. I was never so surprised as I then became at my own blindness and mad infatuation. Gradually I began to think of what excuses I could make to Alice, to my parents, to myself. I solemnly vowed never to return to the domain of evil incantations and syren-voiced attractions. Deep in such reflections I reached home. That night was one of torture, remorse, fear, compunction, resolutions, finally determination.

In the morning my father called me and informed me that I had taken my choice; for the future I might go, live or die, just as I pleased, with my friends at the castle; he washed his hands of me and cut me adrift.

MY FATHER CUT ME ADRIFT.

To add to this calamity I received a letter from Alice bidding me adieu, and forbidding me to ever again write to her or see her.

'As the smith in the dark sullen smithy,
Striketh quick on the anvil below,
Thus fate on my prospects, that morning,
Struck rapidly blow after blow.'

I begged, pleaded, promised—but all to no avail. When at last, I felt there was no mercy nor hope, a wild madness came upon me, and I became reckless of all consequences. I left home not caring whether I ever returned or not. I fled from the thoughts of Alice as a possessed one would fly from the presence of an angel of light. Had they but known my sorrow and my sincere repentance they might have encouraged and forgiven me. But at the wrong moment they all withdrew their helping hands and I plunged back in the all-engulfing vortex. I rushed back to be whirled on towards the ever gaping abyss out of which there is—save by a miracle—no redemption.

(To be continued.)

Praise the Lord.

I thank thee, Father, for the hour
Of daylight's freshest smile,
With rising sun I see thy power
In corded leaf and opening flower;
All these my heart beguile.

It is, dear Lord, thy opening hand
That feeds the birds and me;
Nothing so mall in all the land
Thy wondrous skill and love hath plann'd
But thou dost always see.

Sure he will watch and care for me;
He fashioned all my frame;
I know his love would have me be
From every sin forever free,
And triumph in his name.

So sweetly he invites to come;
I'll reach to him my hand,
And let him lead me day by day
By his own will, in his own way,
To heaven's blissful land.

—'Sunday Hour.'

Little Marjory;

OR, 'SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.'

A STORY OF A SCOTTISH MANSE.

(Prize Tale, 'Scottish Temperance League.')

A merry little group of children, of various ages, was seated round the table in a cheerful parlor, amusing themselves with some quiet game, when Harry, the eldest boy, suddenly started from his seat, exclaiming, 'Come, girls, it is time to get ready. You'll go with us, won't you, Marjory?'

'Where are you going, Harry?' asked the little girl addressed.

She was a bright, pretty child, with large, dark eyes, a wealth of sunny curls, and delicate features and complexion; and over her fair head some eleven summers might have passed.

'We're going to a Band of Hope meeting, answered Jessie, the eldest of the little party. 'It has been lately formed for the children of our church, and Mr. Brown, our minister, has asked mamma if we may join it.'

'What is a Band of Hope?' asked Marjory, whose home was in a distant country village where the temperance cause had as yet made but little progress, whilst Bands of Hope were things quite unknown. The little girl was at present on a visit to her aunt and cousins in the city.

'It is,' Jessie began to explain, but she was interrupted by impetuous Harry with 'Come to the meeting with us, Madge, and no doubt you will hear all about it. It is time to start.'

The little party soon reached the hall where the meeting was to be held, and found a number of children and young people already assembled.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Brown. Then followed two or three simple addresses, all bearing upon the subject of temperance; and between the speeches hymns were sung with much heartiness by the youthful audience. Then the pastor spoke, and to him even the youngest children listened with rapt attention, as he told them some interesting stories with much simplicity and pathos; and Marjory, who had a loving, tender little heart, was deeply touched, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she heard of the misery of the slave of strong drink, and of the sad fate of the drunkard's child. 'Do not you long to do something to help them, dear children?' said the speaker. '"But what can children do?" you ask. It is true you can do nothing of yourselves, but you can ask Jesus ere you go to sleep to-night to give you some little work to do for him and to teach you how best to do it.' He ended with an earnest appeal to his youthful hearers to give their hearts to the Saviour, and then asked those who had not already done so to join the temperance band.

When Marjory's cousins went up to receive their cards of membership, she stood beside them; and Mr. Brown asked her if she would join the Band of Hope.

'I don't live here,' she answered, 'but when I go home I mean to try ever so hard to begin a Band of Hope in our village.'

'May God bless you, my dear, and prosper your efforts; I shall be glad if I can do anything to help you,' said the minister kindly, as he looked into the sweet, earnest, upturned face.

During the homeward walk Marjory could talk of nothing but the meeting, and when she went to her room that night she did not forget to ask the Saviour, to whom she had already yielded her young heart, to give her some work to do for him. A day or two afterwards, Marjory, who was a child of the manse, returned to her home in the village of Burnbrae.

The Reverend William Allan, Marjory's father, had labored at Burnbrae for fifteen years; and so far as making any perceptible impression upon the drinking habits of the village went, the good minister often felt that his work had been almost wholly fruitless. He had annually preached an eloquent sermon against drunkenness, and had even urged some of his neighbors, who were but too evidently the slaves of intemperance, to sign a total abstinence pledge; but though they for the most part listened respectfully to the words of the kind pastor, who was universally beloved, they would say behind his face: 'The minister, good man, whiles takes his glass of wine and toddy himself; example's better than precept.'

Mr. Allan's household consisted of his wife, a bright little woman, and a true helpmeet for her husband; Marjory, her father's darling, whom we have already introduced to our readers; two children several years younger than Marjory; and a faithful domestic. Frank, the eldest of the family, was away at school. On the evening of the day of Marjory's return from her visit to the city, as the family sat around the tea-table, she gave a glowing account of the meeting which she had attended, and ended by saying, 'Do you think we could form a Band of Hope here, papa? Do let me try. I know nearly all the children in the village, and I'm sure I could get some of them to join; and then, you know, papa, at our meetings you could both teach the children to hate drink and tell them about Jesus and his love, as Mr. Brown does; and perhaps we could get some fathers and mothers to come too.'

'I will think over your plan, my dear,' answered her father, with a loving glance at the bright little face, 'and I will see what we can do.'

'O, papa,' resumed Marjory, after a pause, 'could we not do anything for those poor people in Thomson's Row, Peggie Simpson, and Wallace the gardener, and the rest? I've heard you say that they are so poor because they drink.'

'I have tried to help them, God knows,' said Mr. Allan, sadly. Then turning towards his wife, he continued, 'I have sometimes felt of late, Annie, that I am laboring in vain.'

'There is one thing we have not yet tried,' returned the lady, speaking very earnestly; 'I mean the influence of our personal example. How can we ask others to banish drink from their homes, if we will not set them the example of doing so. It were surely a very small sacrifice to make for his sake who gave his life for us!'

'I believe you are right, my dear,' said the minister thoughtfully. 'People may call us singular; but surely that need not trouble us. Christ, our great example pleased not himself, and we ought to strive to follow in his steps. Gladly would I for his sake give up anything by which my brother stumbleth, or is offended or made weak, 'if by any means I might gain some.''

'I am thankful we have had this talk, William,' said Mrs. Allan, 'for I had been feeling very uncomfortable to-day in regard to this very subject. As I came out of the grocer's shop this morning, where I had gone to order the ale and wine you wished me to get, I saw Peggie Simpson, who used to wash for us before her marriage, coming out of the public-house opposite. She tried to avoid me, but I crossed the street and spoke to her, and told her how sorry I have been to hear of her frequent visits to the Golden Lion. 'You have a good husband Peggie,' I said 'whose home you have rendered miserable, and two dear little children whom you are sadly neglecting. Will you not for their sakes try to give up the drink?' Peggie burst into tears, and, with a reproachful look which I shall never forget, said "'Deed, mem, it was you and leddies like you that first learned me to like the drink. Ye gied it me whiles when I used to wash for ye." If anything happens to that woman, William, when she is in liquor, I can never forgive myself. I was her temptress. I should feel that her blood lay at my door!

'You haven't heard all my story yet,' continued Mrs. Allan, as her husband was about to speak. 'I walked on towards Thomson's Row, as I wanted to take some tea and sugar to blind Betsy Scott. As I passed Peggie Simpson's cottage I heard loud screams, and hastened to discover the cause. I found little Tiz standing shrieking beside her brother Bob, who lay unconscious on the floor, while on a broken chair stood a teapot without a spout. Tiz told me that little Bob climbed up to look on the shelf for something with which to amuse himself, and found the pot in which mother had hid her whiskey, because father had said he would beat her if he found another bottle in the house. Bob drank the contents of the teapot, and was now dead drunk. I lifted the child upon the miserable bed, got the assistance of the blacksmith's kind little wife, who promised to care for him, and then went to Dr. Bryce, whom I was lucky enough to meet near the house. On sending to inquire this afternoon I heard that the little one is not yet out of danger, and that Peggie is going about saying she has killed her child.'

Ere the worthy minister retired to rest that night he resolved to take immediate steps for forming a total abstinence society in Burnbrae, and to write to Mr. Brown to ask him to come and help him to hold the first temperance meeting.

For some days previous to that on which the meeting was to be held Marjory, who was delighted at the prospect of seeing and hearing Mr. Brown again, went from house to house inviting all, old and young, to attend the meeting. She knew almost every man, woman and child in the village and neighborhood, for she was a frank little creature, and her sweet face and her winsome ways made her a welcome visitor wherever she went. One of her last visits was paid to John Duncan, the village blacksmith. When Mr. Allan began his ministry at Burnbrae this man had been a most regular attendant at church, a liberal contributor to every good cause, and to all appearance a true Christian. Now he was rarely, if ever, seen in a place of worship, his pretty house had been exchanged for a dilapidated cottage in Thomson's Row, and his once busy forge was more than half the time silent and deserted, whilst more and more of his time was spent at the public-house.

Marjory first went to the smithy, where she had often watched the burly kind-hearted smith at his work, but it was quite deserted; so she bent her steps towards the cottage in Thomson's Row. Her gentle knock was answered by a gruff 'come in,' but at the sight of the youthful visitor the tone quickly changed; for John Duncan had always been fond of little Marjory, who somehow reminded him of a wee, golden-haired Jeannie, once the light of his home, who had gone to live with the angels years ago. 'I've brought you some flowers, Mr. Duncan,' said the child as she entered, uncovering a basket that hung on her arm, and laying on the table a bouquet of fragrant roses with fronds

of delicate fern. 'I know you love flowers.'

'Bless your kind heart, Miss Marjory! Yes I do love the bonnie things. They're like your own sweet face,' said the man with a pleased smile.

'Now, I want you to promise you'll do something to please me,' said Marjory, coaxingly.

'I'll do anything I can to please you.'

'Well, you know we're going to have a meeting in the school-house to-night, and I want you to go to it. Mind, you've promised, and I'll look for you there. Good-bye;' and without giving time for a reply, Marjory ran gaily out of the open door of the cottage. Her next visit was paid to Peggie Simpson, who was quite sober to-day, and seemed to be trying to make up, by her unusual tenderness to little Bob, for what she had caused him to suffer; for the child had been seriously ill in consequence of having imbibed the alcohol from his mother's broken teapot.

'I brought a story book for Bob, and mamma has sent him some strawberries,' said Marjory, as she entered the humble room, which to-day looked rather less untidy than usual. 'Shall I sing you a hymn, Bob?' she asked, turning towards the little boy.

'Please sing, "Tell me the old, old story,"' lisped little Bob; and Marjory, who possessed the gift of song, did as she was desired. Then turning to the child's mother, who had listened with tears in her eyes to the sweet-voiced singer, she said, 'We're going to have a meeting in the school-house to-night, Mrs. Simpson. Won't you go and take little Tiz with you? I'm sure it will be a nice meeting.'

'I want to be a better woman, Miss,' answered Peggie, 'and I wad fain go to the meetin' if it wad do me ony gude; but wee Bob canna be left his lane.'

Now, Marjory had looked forward with much pleasure to this meeting, and she and her brother, Frank, who had come home for the holidays, had helped to adorn the room with flowers and ferns for the occasion. Then she longed to hear dear Mr. Brown again, and to be present at the formation of the Temperance Society. She was silent for a minute, during which a struggle went on within her little heart. 'Ought I to take care of little Bob, and let his mother go to the meeting,' she said to herself; 'perhaps Jesus is showing me some work I can do for him.' When she spoke again it was to say, 'You can go to the meeting, and I'll take care of Bob, and sing to him, and read him a pretty story.'

'Won't that be awful nice?' chimed in Bob; and so the matter was arranged.

Marjory's next stopping place was the house of Ted Wallace, 'the drunken gardener,' as he was often called. He had been head gardener to a gentleman; but, having become intemperate in his habits, lost his good situation, and now earned a somewhat precarious livelihood as a jobbing gardener. On him the little girl employed all her powers of persuasion; and on receiving his promise that he also would attend the meeting, she hastened home with a glad heart, to find that Mr. Brown had already arrived at the manse.

There were two ministers in Burnbrae besides Mr. Allan, and he had asked them to co-operate with him; but old Dr. Black excused himself on the plea of ill-health, whilst young Mr. Whyte said he was not prepared to identify himself with the total abstinence cause, although no one deplored the increasing prevalence of drunkenness more than he did; but really did not see it to be necessary for him, who never had exceeded in his life, to become an abstainer. The meeting, however, proved a decided success. The chair was taken by a gentleman who had lately come to live at Burnbrae, and who was in full sympathy with the cause; and his wife, who, like Mrs. Allan, possessed a melodious voice, joined that lady in singing some sacred songs. Then Mr. Brown proved a host in himself; and Mr. Allan spoke with a simple pathos that went to every heart. The blacksmith had slipped quietly into the room as if ashamed to be seen there; but when Mr. Allan, at the close of his address, exclaimed, 'Dear brethren and sisters, I will be the first to sign the pledge; who will be the next?' he marched boldly up to the platform, and said, with much emotion,

'I will; and may God help me to keep it!'

The smith's example was followed by many, including Peggie and her husband, and the drunken gardener; and a Band of Hope was also set agoing ere the meeting separated.

Two years passed, during which period the temperance cause made considerable progress in Burnbrae. The blacksmith had stood firm, and so had Peggie Simpson, who was now the happy mistress of a pretty cottage. Mr. Allan and his good little wife had, however, met with various disappointments in their work; and one of those who disappointed them was the gardener. He had gone to a wedding; and on being taunted by some of those present because he had refused to drink the bride's health in whiskey, he yielded to temptation. Immediately the old craving for spirits returned with all its old force. On his way home he went into a public-house, and drank deeply; and he knew or remembered nothing more until he awoke to consciousness next morning in his own house, with an aching head and a sprained ankle. When Marjory heard of his sad fall she was greatly troubled.

'O mamma!' she said, 'do let me go and see him. I know how sorry he will be to-day.' And mamma gave her consent, saying she would have gone herself if she could, but she did not feel well enough to go out that day.

Marjory found the poor man looking very wretched and evidently suffering pain, and her tender heart ached for him. She asked him if she might read a chapter to him; and after doing so she sang with touching pathos one of her favorite hymns, 'The Ninety-and nine.'

'I am that lost sheep,' said her listener, sadly, when she had ended.

'But the Good Shepherd seeks you, and will bring you home to the fold, if you ask him,' said Marjory, earnestly. 'I have asked him to help you to keep in the right way; you know we all need his help. Where is little Tim?' she asked after a pause.

'He's out playing, Miss,' answered his father. 'Tim was an only child, and the pride of his parents' hearts, and he had lately become one of Marjory's little Sunday scholars. So, after bidding good-bye to the father, she went along the road beyond the cottage to look for the child. She had not proceeded many yards, when suddenly a piercing shriek fell upon her ear, which seemed to proceed from the direction of the burn which flowed near, and which was at present considerably deeper than usual owing to recent heavy rains. As she reached the spot she saw little Tim struggling in the stream, and wading in until the water reached considerably above her waist, she succeeded in seizing hold of the child's dress. With difficulty she dragged him up the steep bank, and then taking him in her slender arms, bore him to his home. She saw him open his blue eyes, and then leaving him to the care of his mother who had just come in, without waiting for a word of thanks from the grateful parents, slipped quietly away; then, after wringing some of the water from her wet, clinging garments, got home as quickly as her shivering, trembling limbs would carry her. The next day Marjory was too ill to rise, and the doctor was sent for, who said that the wetting, together with the excitement undergone had been too much for her delicate frame, and he feared an attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Marjory rapidly grew worse, and ere long the physician gently told her anxious parents that he feared he could do no more for their child; 'but whilst life remains there is hope,' added the good doctor, 'and we know that with God all things are possible.'

Quickly the sad news spread through Burnbrae that Marjory Allan, the light of the manse, the darling of the village, was dying; and great lamentation was made for the sweet, bright young creature who had endeared herself to so many hearts.

'If she hadn't, dear angel that she is, nursed wee Bob yon evening, an' let me gang to the meetin', I micht hae been i' a drunkard's grave,' said Peggie Simpson, the tears running down her cheeks as she spoke, 'for what I heard yon nicht made me see my sinfulness an' need o' God's grace to keep me from that awfu' drink.'

Ted Wallace, the gardener, came to the manse bringing beautiful flowers for the young leddy.

'She is the fairest flower o' them all,' he said in a choked voice, 'and if ever I find a place among them that wear the white robes I'll owe it under God to yon blessed child!'

All day long Marjory had lain in a semi-conscious state; but, as the long summer day was lowly fading into twilight, she suddenly opened her eyes and said, 'How's little Tim?'

'Quite well, my darling,' answered her mother with a sob; 'he owes his life to you.'

'Am I going to die, mamma?' asked Marjory.

'You are very, very ill, my pet,' replied Mrs. Allan, trying to speak calmly, 'and perhaps Jesus may soon come to take you to himself.'

'If Jesus comes for me I will not be afraid to go,' said the child. 'I know he loves me, and has washed away my sins. If he takes me home you must not grieve too much for me, papa dear: you know you will still have Frank and Willie, and little Katie will soon grow up to take my place, and will, I hope, be a better daughter to you than I have been.'

'Never!' groaned the sorrow-stricken father.

'Poor papa!' said Marjory, tenderly. 'Yes I know you will all miss me, but we'll be all together again. If I die, tell my little scholars and our Band of Hope children that there's room for them all in the "many mansions."' Then the sufferer lay quiet and exhausted on her pillow, and ere long fell into a gentle sleep, which the anxious watchers feared might prove to be the sleep that knows no earthly waking.

But little Marjory did not die. Our kind father in heaven, whose ear is ever open to listen to the prayer of faith, vouchsafed a gracious answer to the many fervent supplications that were offered for the recovery of the apparently dying girl; and health slowly but surely returned to the wasted frame.

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Some years have passed since the events we have recorded took place, and Marjory is now working in the cause of Gospel temperance in a distant land, where she is the happy wife of one who is worthy of her brave and tender heart. Her sweet influence will long be felt in Burnbrae, where her old

friend the blacksmith is now a respected office-bearer in the church, and a zealous laborer in the cause of temperance, whilst his business is again flourishing and his home the abode of happiness and peace. The temperance cause continues to make steady progress; two of the public-houses are shut up, and one of them has been bought by public subscription, and is in process of being transformed into a coffee-room, and reading and recreation rooms for working men. Old Dr. Black has been gathered to his fathers; and his successor joins heartily with Mr. Allan in promoting the temperance cause. As for young Mr. Whyte, he no longer exercises the office of the ministry; and were his sad story written, it would serve to furnish another proof of the necessity for the scriptural warning, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'

Dear Christian readers, will not you join us in our crusade against the demon? Even girls and boys can help in the good work, as the story of little Marjory will serve to show. The enemy we have to contend with is indeed a mighty one, and is slaying his tens of thousands; but there is one on our side mightier than he; and 'through God we shall do valiantly,' and may overcome even this foe, so ruinous to the happiness and prosperity of our beloved land.

Our aim is a lofty one—

'Satan's prisoners to release,
Drink's strong cords to sever,
Souls to lead to Christ and peace,
And a blest forever.'

Will you not, for Christ's sake, unite with us heart and hand in this blessed work of Gospel Temperance?

Simply Trusting.

In speaking at the Saturday evening prayer meeting at Shanghai, one of our Swedish brethren said that when he and a native evangelist were on one occasion itinerating he came to a village where the people seemed very hostile. The landlord of the inn in which he had taken lodgings pleaded with him to move on, as a band of robbers meant to come and destroy his place to get the foreigner's money, and the poor man knew not what to do.

'I will tell you,' said he, 'what we will do, we will have a prayer meeting and pray to God, and He will deliver us.'

They called all the inmates together and prayed to God for deliverance, and He heard and answered, the robbers being too scared to attack them. For two weeks they stayed in that place, having a prayer meeting every night, and not a hand was raised against them, but souls awakened and blessings resulted.

They visited another village, and while asleep someone stole his shoes, and none could be bought. Again he called the friends together to pray for the restoration of his shoes, and while they were praying first one shoe and then another was thrown through the window; while a voice called out, 'Here, take your shoes and stop praying—I am afraid your God will beat me.'

At another time he was robbed of all his money and some of his clothing. He told the people of his loss, and said he must get it back, as he had about 200 miles to go ere he could reach the nearest station to get any more. 'Now,' he said, 'my God knows who has done it, and we will ask him to get it back for me.' So they began praying, and prayed on till someone said, 'Let us search every one in the inn,' and it was found sewn up in a man's clothing who had stayed the night there. He said he had tried three or four times to get away, but could not manage his point, so he must confess that their God was indeed a great God.

While travelling he came to a much-swollen river filled with blocks of broken ice, which must be crossed. There was no bridge nor ferry boat to be seen, but the Chinese said they would carry him over if he gave them a lot of silver. He said, 'I have no silver, so cannot give it, only copper cash.' As they refused, he boldly went into the water and his assistant followed him. The water was up to their necks, but they trusted in God, and He failed them not. In safety they reached the other shore, where they praised God with grateful hearts.

I wish you could have seen our brother's face when he was telling these stories, as it was all aglow with the joy of the Lord, and if you could have heard him shout, 'Ah, yes, simple trust in the Lord can do all things,' it would have caused your heart also to praise and trust the Lord.

—(Mrs.) A. Cooper, in 'China's Millions.'

Building.

Souls are built as temples are;
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lies the sure foundation-stone;
Then the courses, framed to bear,
Lift the cloisters, pillared fair;
Last of all the airy spire,
Soaring heavenward, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are;
Inch by inch, in gradual rise,
Mount the pillared masonries;
Warring questions have their day,
Kings arise and pass away;
Laborers vanish one by one.
Still the temple is not done;
Still completion seems afar.

Souls are built as temples are;
Here a cornice, rich and quaint,
Here the image of a saint;
Here a deep-hued pane to tell,
Sacred truth or miracle;
Every little helps the much;
Every careful, careless touch
Adds a charm or leaves a scar.

Souls are built as temples are—
Based on truth's eternal law,
Sure and steadfast without flaw,
Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing takes its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace;
Every hand may make or mar.
—'Pilgrim.'

Devotedness to Duty.

The longer on this earth we live,
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive
Or fitful gifts at best, of now and then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen—
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.
—James Russell Lowell.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For injustice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.
—'Waif.'

A Knife-Grinder's Bible.

M. Nardi, a Bible colporteur in New Orleans, relates this incident: 'In New Orleans, about six years ago, a young Italian (converted somewhere else) was going through the streets of that city with a grinding-machine, on top of which he used always to carry the Bible. Passing by an Italian well-to-do barber, he spoke to him about reading that Book. The barber refused no less than ten times, but the grinder never passed by without making the same request. One day, tired of being annoyed, the barber said, "Leave it here, but to-morrow be sure to come back to take it." The grinder did not go back for a week, so giving time to read it; and, lo! when one evening he went back, the barber had opened a mission in his own store, and was preaching from that book to a number of Italians. The barber's name was Signor Russo, now an ordained Presbyterian minister with a large congregation. Then an ex-priest who had heard of it went there to oppose him, and to fight him, and to get away those who went there; but he, too, took the Bible to look into it; and, lo! a month after that he had opened another mission, and was ordained by the Methodists. Hundreds have been brought to Christ by these two men.'—'Christian Herald.'

My Sister.

Bishop Taylor, of Central Africa, says: 'Some time ago a big native man came to our mission at Melange with a little girl, about three years old, on his shoulder. She was, as is usual with the children in that country, almost entirely nude, and covered from head to foot with fresh marks of smallpox. The man laid her down on the floor, and said: "Three months ago the mother of this child died at Loanda. When dying, she said to me, 'When you see me put in the ground, carry my child to Melange, and give her to the missionaries.' [From Loanda to Malange is about three hundred miles.[So," said he "when the woman died and was buried, I laid the child on my back; but, when about halfway on the journey, she was taken with smallpox. I nursed her for a whole moon, until she was able to travel; so to-day I finish my task, and put her in your care." Americana, a little girl who had been with the mission for three years, went and looked closely at the little girl, and said, "What is your name?" The little one answered, 'My name is Lubina." Americana pressed her to her bosom, exclaiming, "Oh, she is my sister." The mother had formerly lived near Malange, and became acquainted with our missionaries there, and gave them her older daughter when a baby.'—'Christian Herald.'

What Makes a Boy Popular.

'A popular boy is a lover of sports, of outdoor exercise. That is right. He looks upon the playground as a place for the pleasure of his fellows, and he goes there to the end that he may help them enjoy themselves. A kind boy is always popular. Affection is a manner of expressing sympathy with others. A generous boy is popular, while a spendthrift proves himself in time tobe very unpopular. Manliness in all its true meaning makes a boy popular. The boy who is careful of his sister is popular. The boy who will never violate his honor to his own advantage, will have the confidence of his fellows.—'The Standard.'

Little Folks.

Ernst and His Model.

'O, Ernst, it is beautiful! Is it like me? Is that the very way I stood? I could fancy it is me but for one thing—it has not life. It is only a piece of clay, after all, and cannot hear the music of my dear violin.'

'But I can, Thekla,' returned her brother, with a laugh, 'and perhaps that inspired me to put such good work into my statuette.'

'But you are not the statuette, Ernst, and your work is not you,' persisted Thekla.

'Yes, it is,' replied the boy, with flashing eyes. 'It is the expression of what is in my heart and mind.

I love my sister, and choose her for my model. I love my art, and mean to go to Berlin some day, and perhaps may see the old specimens of Greek art in other lands. Who can tell? I shall learn all I can from these our masters. My whole heart and soul—the very best that is in me—shall come out in my work. Oh, it is grand!'

And Ernst Ulbrich put aside his image as Thekla turned away and began to play the Vaterland.

'I am so glad that when the great God formed a man out of clay he breathed a soul into him,' she said, as she finished her piece. 'Ernst, your work is just perfect, so far as terra-cotta can be. But I have something in me which your dear little figure has not got. I feel and see and love my brother who has moulded me here. Yes, Ernst, I love you, and know you will become famous some day.'

The workshop, in which much of the brother's and sister's time was spent, was simple and rude; but without was bright sunshine, and the peaceful residences and beautiful gardens of a German town. Their father, who had died two years before, had been a poor musician, and had taught his little daughter to play on the instrument she loved so well. Her talent was as pronounced as her brother's, though in a different line.

Ernst's work was now the sole support of his mother, sister, and two little boys, but before his father's death he had begun an apprenticeship to an artist in terra-cotta. At first he learned to examine the material out of which the figures were made, then to prepare the colors with which they were often painted. He understood all about the baking of the clay when it was moulded; and what a delight it was to him to make his first venture in the plastic art in the rude figure of a horse!

'You are not the statuette, and your work is not you.'

Though Ernst had the cares of a family upon him, he was still a boy in many things, and the words lingered unpleasantly in his memory. Boy-like, he could not refrain from sending a passing shot after the unconscious offender; so he said:—

'Your violin is not you.'

'Yes, it is,' cried Thekla hastily. 'It speaks out exactly what I feel, as my own tongue could not do. If I am sorry, it says so. If I am glad, it goes like this.' And she played a few bars of a gavotte. 'If I am ugly, why there!'

She drew the bow across the strings, producing a sharp, discordant wail. Ernst stopped his ears, with a laugh, put aside his image to cool, and, taking his hat from a peg, prepared to go out.

Thekla approached the table after he had gone, violin in hand.

'I am afraid he did not like what I said,' she murmured to herself. 'But I told the truth: it has not life. It is but a piece of clay, moulded by clever fingers, pinched into lines, and smoothed into curves that look like life. But only the great God can give life. And our pastor says we must have a higher life still, a life in the soul, if we would know God and enjoy him for ever. Yes, I spoke truth; my violin always speaks truth, and it will not say what I do not feel. God requires truth.'

How it was she never knew, but just then she gave herself a sudden twist, the violin in one hand and the bow in the other. Which came in contact with the statuette she could not tell, but in a moment it had turned over, and the figure lay broken, flattened, and defaced upon the stand. Only the face was not marred, and it lay happy and serene, as if smiling at the wreck of hope and beauty.

With a despairing cry, Thekla threw her once-loved instrument on the floor, as if in anger for the mischief it had wrought. She raised the image carefully, and tried to put it together again. But no! the ugly dents and cracks remained. It was hopelessly injured.

'I cannot tell him! I dare not tell him!' she exclaimed, as sobs broke forth. 'He will be so very angry, and not love me any more. Oh, how careless and wicked I have been!'

She picked up her violin, almost hating it, in that moment of supreme despair, for the mischief it had been the means of working. Away she stole upstairs to her own little room, drawing a rough bolt across the door to secure her from intrusion. Then throwing herself on her knees, she gave way to a perfect storm of weeping.

Two hours passed. Ernst must have come in. What had he done?

Had he told their mother? Had he destroyed the image? Curiosity was awakened; suspense became intolerable.

And with it came back the echo of her own words, 'My violin always speaks the truth.' Was she less honorable than that wondrous mechanism of man's devising, the chords of which thrilled beneath her fingers?

Leaving it on the bed, she stole downstairs to the workshop.

Outside the half-closed door she paused. No sound came from within. He could not be there.

No sound! Yes, a smothered sob met her ear! The bitter disappointment and sense of failure, the hours of toil wasted, had been too much for poor Ernst, and his wounded feelings found boyish vent.

In a moment she was beside him, her arms about his neck.

'Ernst, dear, dear Ernst, I did it. It was very, very wrong, but I went to look at it, and the bow must have knocked it over. Oh, I am so sorry! My heart is breaking! Dear Ernst, can you forgive me?'

The true-hearted brother turned and caught her in his arms, and forgot his own trouble in trying to soothe hers. He told her he would remould her image, correcting its former mistakes, for he had seen many faults after the first was finished. And so he would produce a far better work—a work that should live in the minds of men, as this might never have done.

'I have read that "the best men are moulded out of failures,"' he said. 'And so our greatest gain often comes to us through loss.'

'And, O Ernst, I will never again say it is not you; for I shall always see in it my brother's noble nature, his love and patience and power—and, oh, ever so much besides.'

Many years afterwards, in a studio in Berlin, one lady asked another, 'Have you seen Ulbrich's great work, "The Broken Image?"'

She led the way to a farther corner, and the two joined a group standing in rapt admiration.

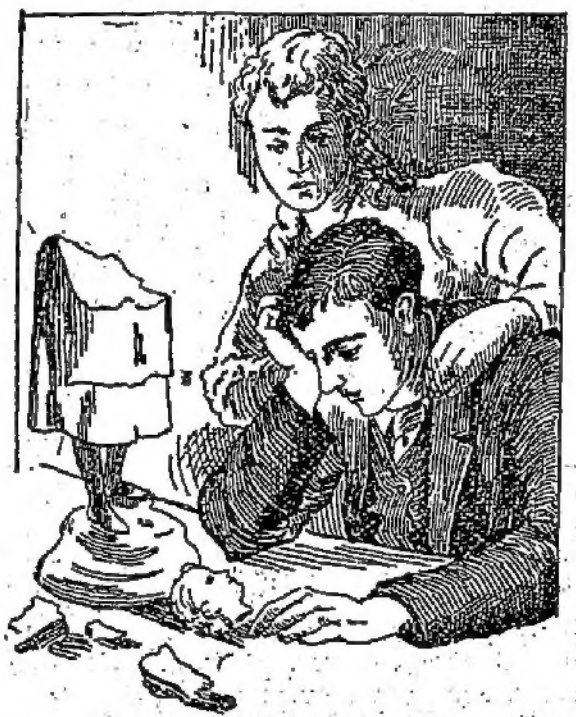
It was the figure of a young girl of life-size. The lower part, with its exquisitely poised foot, the simple but graceful drapery of the short skirt, was complete; but the head and shoulders had been broken off, and lay on the pedestal, the face upturned and smiling.

It was a curious fancy, perhaps an ungraceful one. Was it only an eccentricity of genius, or what story did it tell? Had the original been injured like this in envy or rage?

As the ladies questioned thus, a quiet voice said,—

'The original was a statuette, destroyed by an accident. The artist tried to rise through disappointment and pain, as we all must do if we would make life lead to something better. This figure is at once the monument of his failure and success.'

He bowed and passed on, and the ladies afterwards learned that the



story of this strange work of art in terra-cotta had been explained to them by the greatest artist of his day—Ernst Ulbrich.—'Children's Treasury.'

A Story of a Bullfinch

In one of our northern counties, and only a few miles from a large and populous town with its large iron-works and factories, there stands a pretty cottage at the entrance to 'a fairy dell.' This cottage is almost covered with the climbing rose-trees and sweet-scented jessamine, which in summer time load the air with rich perfume.

There lives in this cottage a very aged lady, who has long ago pased the age of threescore years and ten, and she told the following story about a bird she kept, which she hopes will be of use to boys and girls in helping them to overcome temptation.

This lady had a bullfinch which she was very fond of, and on fine summer days she would sit by the open door listening to the beautiful song of her bird.

One day another bird came flying along the garden and alighted upon a tree quite near to the door; it immediately commenced to sing such a beautiful song; her own bird listened, and then hopped to the side of the cage, and put its head quite close to the wires. The strange bird kept on singing the same beautiful song, and her own bird began to try to imitate the visitor's melody; in this it failed at first, but it kept on trying and trying, until it could sing it quite well. The bird then flew away.

In a few days another bird came and alighted upon the same tree and began to sing; but oh! such a poor song, and not at all nice or pleasing to listen to. Her own little bullfinch heard it and listened, but when it found out the song was not a good one it jumped back to its perch and did not try to imitate the bird which sang so indifferently.

I hope, when any of you boys and girls who read this, hear a song which is not pure and good, you will act like this wise little bullfinch and not learn it or even stay listening to it.

Children sometimes hear things said which are not quite true, and no matter who may say them, they should not be repeated, simply because they are not quite true.

A tale that is unkind about anyone should not be repeated; but if you hear things that are worth hearing about other children, of good and right things done, these things are worth repeating, like the beautiful song which the bullfinch heard and tried to copy.—'Adviser.'

The Young William Tell.

There was a bad man who once ruled in Switzerland. He did a great many silly things, and one of these was that he put his hat up on a pole and said that everybody was to bow down to it.

Then a brave man, named William Tell, declared he would not do it, and so the wicked ruler ordered him to shoot an apple off the head of his own little boy Walter.

And do you know his father took such a good aim, though his heart was all going pit-a-pat, that he shot the apple right in two, and never hurt Walter nor did him any harm. Walter trusted his father, but I think his father himself trusted in God, and that God helped him.

'So now,' said Fred, 'I have asked Minnie to lend me her doll, and I've put her on the stairs, and my ball on her head, and I'm going to shoot like William Tell.'

But Fred was not so clever as William Tell. Instead of hitting the ball, the arrow went straight into dolly's eye!

Minnie was very sorry too, but Fred kissed her, and she forgave him because he said he would never be William Tell again.—'Our Little Dots.'

Temperance Catechism.

LESSON VIII.

1. Q.—How many muscles are there in the body?

A.—About five hundred, nearly all arranged in pairs, that both sides of the body may be alike.

2. Q.—Into what two classes are they divided?

A.—They are divided into voluntary and involuntary muscles.

3. Q.—What is the meaning of these terms?

A.—Voluntary muscles we can move as we wish, involuntary muscles move themselves; we cannot control them.

4. Q.—Give an example of each kind?

A.—The muscles of the hand are voluntary. The heart is an involuntary muscle.

5. Q.—Of what two parts does a voluntary muscle consist?

A.—The large red part, called the body, and the white, shiny ends, called the tendons.

6. Q.—Where is the largest tendon in the body?

A.—At the back of the leg. It is attached to the heel, so that the muscle contracting, draws up the foot as in walking.

7. Q.—Does alcohol strengthen the muscles in any way?

A.—No, many experiments have proved that alcohol really weakens the muscles.

8. Q.—Is temperance enjoined upon us by the Scriptures?

A.—Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness.'

The Use of Tobacco.

(Eward Witty, Principal of Vienna Public School.)

Tobacco was grown on this continent by the Indians long before its discovery by Columbus, and those who use it now are simply following one of the customs of these barbarous people. The name 'Tobacco' is derived from Tobago, one of the West India Islands, where Sir Walter Raleigh first obtained it. The tobacco habit encountered great opposition in Europe. King James I., of England, wrote a 'Counterblast to Tobacco.' Pope Urban excommunicated all those who used it in the Church of Rome. The priests of Turkey declared smoking a crime. More recently the Minister of Public Instruction in France forbade the use of tobacco by pupils in the public schools. Several of the State Legislatures across the border have passed laws forbidding the sale of tobacco to minors, while our own Provincial Legislature, in 1892, not only passed an Act forbidding boys under eighteen years of age to use it, but made those who sold the tobacco to these boys liable to a heavy fine.

Tobacco is obtained from the leaves of a plant having much the appearance of a small sunflower during early growth. When the plants come to maturity they are cut and hung up in the open air to dry. They are then taken into a large building where the leaves are removed and packed in bundles. These bundles are then shipped to different countries, where, in factories for the purpose, they (after being well seasoned with copperas arsenic, rum, and the like), are manufactured into plugs of tobacco for smoking and chewing, cigars, cigarettes, and snuff.

The odorous and poisonous part of tobacco as already intimated, is a substance called nicotine. It was so called after Jean Nicot, a Frenchman, who introduced tobacco into France. This nicotine is a limpid, colorless, liquid, soluble in water, and it has been found by experiment that one drop of it will kill a big dog. Tobacco smoke contains water-vapor, particles of free carbon, carbon di-oxide, carbon mon-oxide, and ammonia. It is the ammonia which it contains that bites the tongue, causes thirst, excites the salivary glands, and is detrimental to the circulation of the blood.

The use of tobacco is injurious to man physically, mentally, and morally. It injures almost every organ in the human body, and is the origin of many diseases that have been ascribed to other causes. A boy that begins to use tobacco at an early age becomes stunted. His skin is of a dark, sallow color. It blunts the sense of taste, smell, and indirectly hearing, touch and sight. It produces sore throat and irritates the lungs. Often the whole process of digestion is impaired, which may result in indigestion and dyspepsia. The circulation becomes weakened, resulting in palpitation and irregular action of the heart and is the cause of many cases of heart-failure.

Tobacco is as injurious to the mind as to the body. It wastes time and energy, and it stupefies and injures the nervous system like all other narcotics. It makes those who use it, especially the young, dull and listless; it will soothe a tired brain by preventing the waste of nerve tissue, but will never allow of the highest intellectual attainments. At Harvard University no student that used tobacco ever graduated at the head of his class. An inquiry recently instituted at Yale College developed the fact that of forty students holding the first rank but ten used tobacco, while twenty-two out of twenty-six in the fourth or lowest rank, used the weed. —'Onward.'

His Own Business.

'If a man wants to drink whiskey, that is his business,' says the saloon apologist.

Let's see. When Bob Poland and Coon Parker were drinking in Heflin, Ala., last Saturday night, and in their spree ran a car of the Southern Railway off the switch and out on the main track down the grade, till it stopped on a high trestle, it became the Southern Railway's 'business.'

And when a loaded freight train came along and rushed into the car, causing a $100,000 wreck, destroying much valuable merchandise, it became the business of a great many merchants and shippers, as well as the railway.

And when three dead bodies were dug out from under the wreck, it became the business of some wives and orphans.

And when the taxpayers are called upon to support the families whose natural providers have thus been suddenly taken away, it will become the business of several other people.

One man's drinking often becomes the business of several hundreds or thousands of people, and the man who cannot perceive this fact ought to be sent at once to an institution for the education of the feeble-minded.—'Motive.'

Temperance Notes.

The temperance movement in Iceland was, according to 'Menneshevennen,' organized in 1881. It was a Norwegian shoemaker who organized the first Good Templar Lodge on the island in Akurejvi. It was started with twenty-four members. The movement has continued to spread so that there now are about twenty-three lodges, with 1,217 grown members. There are also fifteen lodges for children, with a membership of 500. The temperance people have besides organized thirty temperance societies, with 2,000 members. Iceland has 72,000 inhabitants, of these about 4,000 are in connection with temperance societies. Two physicians, forty school teachers and sixty-three ministers hav identified themselves with the temperance movement. The venerable Bishop of Iceland is a faithful and zealous total abstainer. Public opinion on that old historic island is in favor of prohibition.

I believe this temperance work is the Lord's work, and because I believe that I know it must triumph. Like every other cause, the temperance cause has its days of darkness and temporary defeat. No good cause ever seems to pass on to victory all at once. The way to triumph seems always to lead through defeat. Even Jesus had to march to His triumph by way of Gethsemane and the Cross. And the temperance cause is no exception to the rule. There will be for us days of reaction and temporary check and defeat. The days we live in are perhaps days of that kind. But let no one lose heart, the triumph is absolutely certain. We are on God's side, and God cannot fail. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton's favorite verse was this: 'The battle is not yours, but God's.' His Bible opened of its own accord at that verse. Sir Thomas was the champion of an unpopular cause, the cause of the slave. But he read that verse and it gave him courage to move in parliament for the emancipation of the slaves in the British Empire. He stood almost alone, and his bill was received with shouts of derisive laughter, but he remembered the verse, 'The battle is not yours, but God's,' and he began his speech like this: 'Mr. Speaker, the reading of this bill is the beginning of a movement which will surely end in the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions.' Brethren, I would have you read that verse, and then you, too, will know that the end of this movement in which we are taking some humble part will be the abolition of drunkenness and drink from this loved land of ours. 'The battle is not yours, but God's.' 'God's battle'—that spells triumph. Back to the fight, then, with new hope, new courage, new enthusiasm; in the name of the Lord let us lift up our banners.—Rev. J. D. Jones of Lincoln, England.

Five years ago Edmund Wilkinson, a wealthy cotton manufacturer of Putnam, Conn., died, leaving a fortune of $160,000 to four sons. John, one of the sons, now twenty-one years of age, lies in the alcoholic ward of Bellevue hospital, New York, a physical wreck. To a newspaper reporter he said: 'You see where I am, and you can guess what will become of me. My brother Lawrence, the oldest, died one year ago at the Lenox hotel, Greenwich, Conn. He was a lawyer, the valedictorian of his class at Yale, and a graduate of a New York law school. He died of alcoholism when thirty-six years old. Gerald also died from alcoholism. He died two years ago at the Grand Union hotel, Elizabeth, N.J. He was only twenty-one years old. Edward, twenty-four years old, is an inmate of the Hartford retreat, to which institution he was committed for a term of three years as a dipsomaniac. And so you need not be surprised to see me here.'

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON IX.—Feb. 28.

The Disciples Dispersed.

Acts. viii., 1-17. Read chapter viii., 1-25.
Commit vs. 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.'— Acts viii., 4.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. 10 : 16-42.—Persecution Foretold.
T. Acts 9 : 1-22.—Saul the Persecutor.
W. Acts 8 : 1-17.—The Disciples Dispersed.
Th. Acts 11 : 19-30.—Whither they went.
F. Mark 16 : 14-20.—Miraculous Powers Promised.
S. Acts :8 18-25.—The Sorcerer's Covetousness Reproved.
S. Psa. 118 : 1-29.—'The Lord is on my Side.'

Lesson Story.

At that time, probably on the same day as Stephen's death, a great persecution arose against the Christians, and, as they had been commanded, (Matt. x., 23), the disciples went out to all the regions of Judea and Samaria and spread the Gospel among all the people there. The apostles did not go; probably feeling it their duty to stand by those who remained and to still further bear witness in Jerusalem.

Religious men buried Stephen and made great lamentation over him, and Saul, who was to be his great successor, burning now with religious zeal and seeking to work off the uncomfortable impression left by the martyr's last prayer, entered into every house where a Christian might be and dragged men and women to prison, persecuting and tormenting them in every way.

Philip, another of the deacons, went down to Samaria, the capital of Samaria, and there preached to the people about Jesus. And the people all listened to him as they heard and saw the wonderful works which God wrought through him—lame and palsied men were healed, devils were cast out, the blind received their sight, and to all was the Gospel preached. 'There was great joy in that city'—there is great joy wherever Jesus comes and is received.

But there was in that city a sorcerer named Simon who had had great power over the people, because they thought he had power from God. Now, when they saw the miracles wrought through Philip they cared no more for Simon but were baptized in the name of Jesus having repented of their sins. And Simon seeing that he had no more power over the people was baptized also.

When the apostles at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the Gospel, they sent down Peter and John to pray for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost. Now when Simon saw that the Holy Ghost was given to the people through the laying on of the apostles' hands, he tried to buy from them the power of conferring the gift. But Peter said—'Thy money perish with thee,' and explained to him that the gift of God could not be purchased with money and could not be obtained in any way for private or selfish ends. He exhorted him to repent that God might forgive him. Then Simon begged the apostles to pray for him, not that his heart might be changed, but that no evil should come to him.

When the apostles had testified and preached the word of the Lord in the city of Samaria, they returned to Jerusalem preaching at many of the Samaritan villages by the way.

Lesson Hints.

Saul was probably a member of the Sanhedrin and an influential man on account of his culture and zeal. He had given his vote in the Sanhedrin for the stoning of Stephen and was in full sympathy with the persecution which instantly followed. Being, indeed fully authorized to do everything in his power to destroy this new religion—as he sorrowfully confessed later, 'I persecuted this way unto the death.' As we have seen before that persecution only strengthened the Church, so we still see God making 'all things work together for good to them that love God;' and the seed of the Kingdom being scattered in all directions. The apostles stayed at Jerusalem—they were not afraid of the persecutions, and it has been pointed out that these Hellenistic Jews of whom the Church was so largely composed, were more fitted to spread the Gospel in other countries than were the apostles who had spent all their lives in their own country, and who would be apt to be more stiff and conservative than those who knew something of the nature of the people to whom they must deliver their message. 'Simon . . . used sorcery and bewitched the people'—knowing nothing of God's power, he must have had this power from Satan. There are still many jugglers, mesmerists and spiritualists who have a strange power of bewitching the people. The people all gave heed supposing him to have power from God, but when they saw the true power of God manifested through Philip, they turned from what they had thought to be light in Simon to 'the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the worl.'

Simon, 'giving out that himself was some great one,' had drawn all attention and homage to himself—Philip 'preached Christ unto them' and wrought miracles simply in the name of Jesus Christ, taking no merit of any kind to himself. And as the magicians of old could not stand before Moses, so now the sorcerer could not stand before Philip, the messenger of God to the Samaritans. Simon himself acknowledged the greater power, and to all true Christians is the lesson sent—'Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world.'—I. John iv., 4.

Simon, appears to have had no true repentance of sin, and to have been filled with hypocrisy. A hypocrite is Satan's forgery—the devil's handiwork stamped with a Christian name. The word 'Simony' still indicates that spirit of sordid meanness which seeks to buy with money those spiritual powers which can only be obtained by giving up our very lives to God.

Peter and John prayed that the Samaritans might receive the Holy Ghost. This was the test by which to judge whether any but Jews should be received into the Church. The Samaritans were neither Jews nor Gentiles, but they were made the connecting link between the two nations.

Search Questions.

1. Name the two magicians who withstood Moses ?
2. Who was called the 'master of the magicians,' and why ?

Primary Lesson.

Last week we learned about Stephen, one of the seven deacons. To-day we are to learn about another of the deacons called Philip, the evangelist. Evangelist means one who carries the good news of Jesus' love to men.

Philip went down to the city of Samaria and preached to the people there about Jesus. Now there was in that city a wicked man named Simon, who made the people believe he had great power like God because he did all sorts of tricks which looked like wonderful miracles. But when Philip came and God worked through him real miracles upon the people, healing the lame and all the sick people in Jesus' name, then they saw that Simon had been only a sham and that Philip had the real power of God because he lived for Jesus. Then all believed in Jesus, and were very happy as they gave their love to Him and were baptized in His name.

Simon was baptized, too, but he did not really give up his sins, he loved himself better than he loved Jesus. We know this, because, when the apostles prayed and the people received the Holy Ghost, he offered money to the apostles for this power. He wanted to make money out of the gift of the Holy Ghost. You see, he could have found many people who would have been willing to give him money if he could give them the Holy Spirit. It was dreadful for him to think of such a thing for a minute. Could a thousand dollars make you feel happy and good if you had told a lie or taken something which did not belong to you ? If you gave all the money there was in the world to God would it make up for disobeying Him ? or would it make Him love you any more ? Oh, no ! It is not our money that God wants, He wants our love, and if we don't love Him and obey Him just because we love him, nothing else can make up for it. He loves us so much.

Suggested Hymns.

'Almost persuaded,' 'Not far from the Kingdom,' 'Call them in,' 'I need Thee every hour,' 'You're starting, my boy,' 'Jesus shall reign,' 'Not all the blood of beasts.'

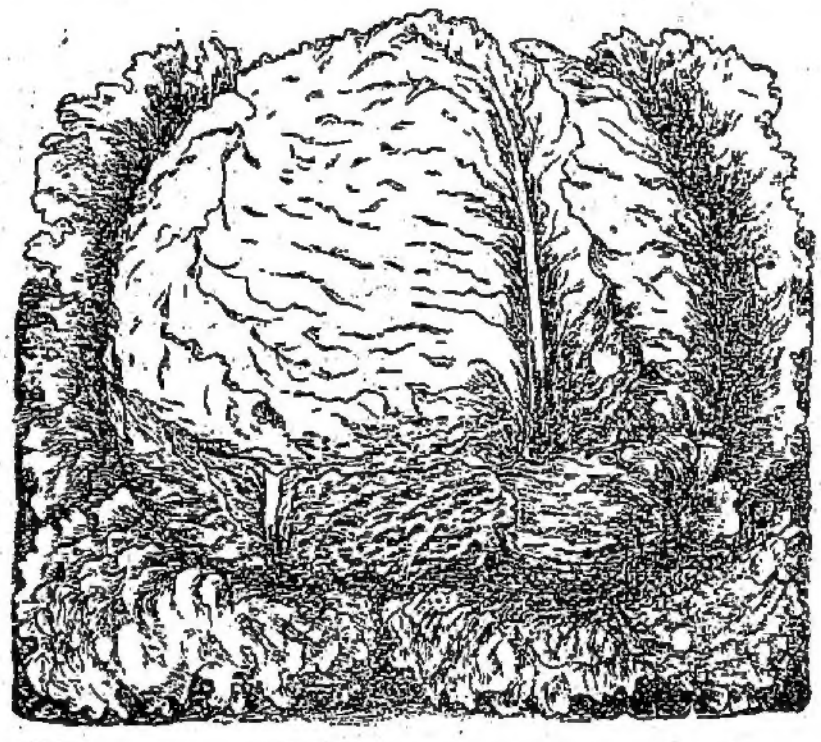
JUNIOR PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

Feb. 21.—Our little worries : what are they ? how can we get rid of them ? Ps. 121 : 1-8; John 14 : 1.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

Feb. 21.—Our little worries, and how to get rid of them.—Ps. 121 : 1-8; John 14 : 1.

BEANS Hammoth Wax or Butter.



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Cabbage, Premium flat Dutch	.05	Pepper, long Red	.05
Carrot, early horn	.05	Spinach, long Leaved Flanders	.05
Carrot, half long Scarlet Nantes	.05	Squash, Hubbard winter	.05
Cucumber, Impd. long green	.05	Squash, Vegetable Marrow	.05
Corn, sweet, early market	.10	Tomato, New Canada	.10
Corn, Sweet, evergreen	.05	Turnip, Early White Stone	.05
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05	Turnip, Purple Top, Swede	.05
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Cabbage, first and best	.10	Peas, New Green	.10
Carrot, half long Scarlet Nantes	.05	Radish, crimson bunch	.05
Cucumber, improved long green	.05	Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Corn, sweet, early market	.10	Tomato, Canada	.10
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05	Turnip, early stone	.05
Musk melon, earliest of all	.10		
Onion, selected, Yellow Danvers	.05	Total	$1.10

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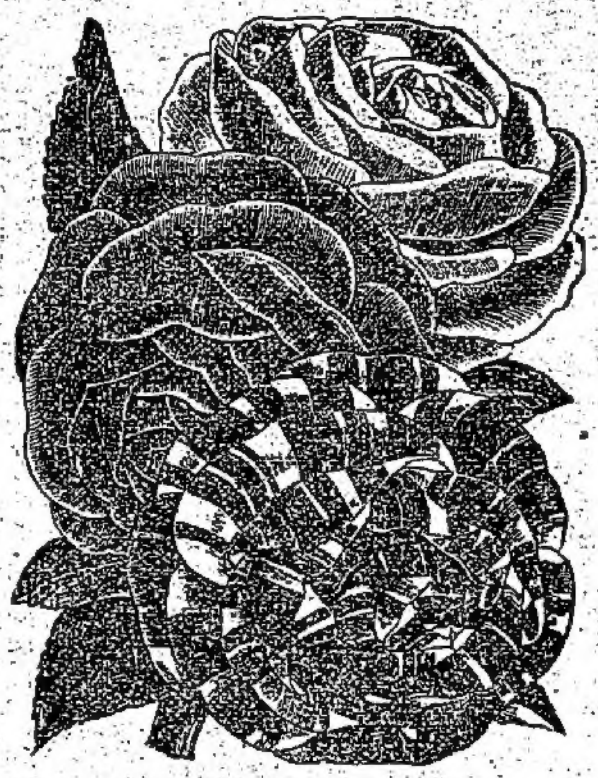
In addition to each of these collections an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a packet of Mammoth Flowering Brilliant Single Pinks.



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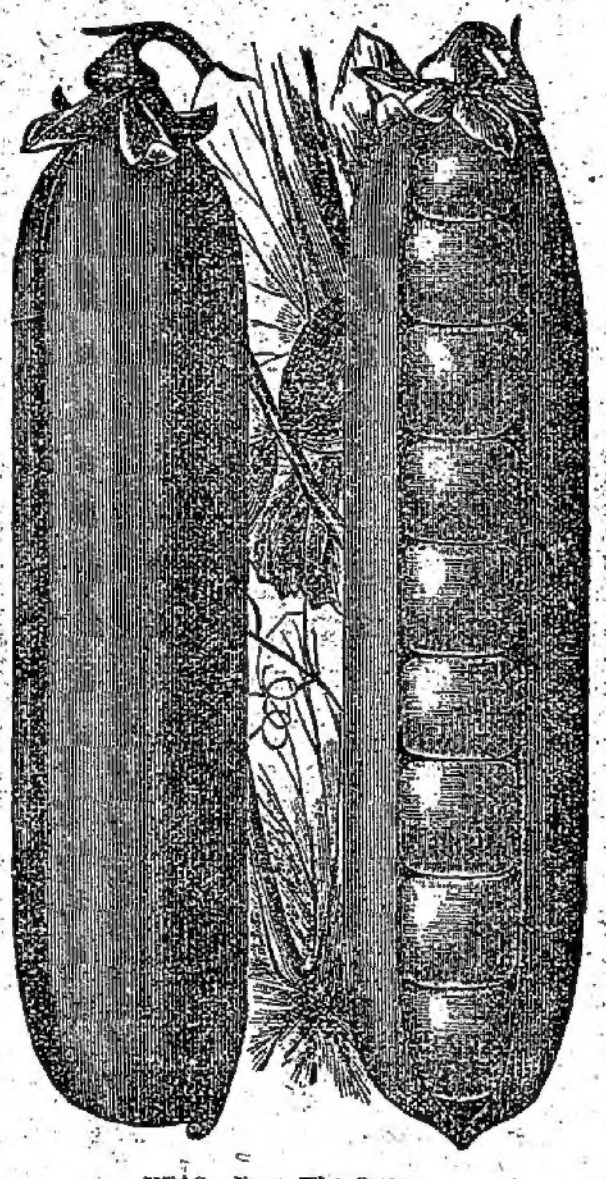
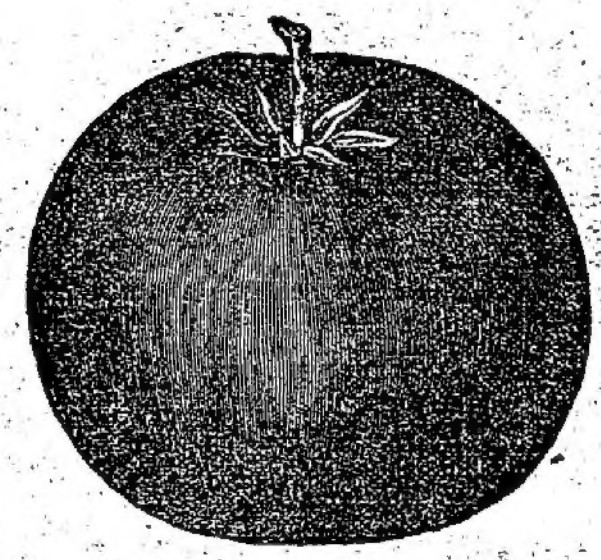


PEAS.—New, The Queen.



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